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GOD'S MILLS.

BY REV. V. M. SIMONS.

The mills of God grind slow,
In class—verse we sing;
But still they steady go,
And with the grinding ring.
What grists of need fly!
These mills of God can grind,
When fits own hand's the power,
We by and shall find.

The mills of God to-day,
No matter for the past,
Are running rapidly,
And grinding very fast,
As, since the world began,
From earliest date of time,
These awful mills have run,
Moved by a power divine,—

So ages yet to be—
Shall hear their echoing sound,
Like rumblings of the sea;
Or rumblings underground;
For faster run these mills,
And tighter press the stones;
They run as heaven wills,
In all the circling zones.

The gathered grain of years,
From every peopled land;
The harvests sown in tears,
Are reaped at God's command.
O blotted faith, and dull,
Too stupid is thy ken;
God's granaries are full
Of nations and of men.

His mills that slowly turn,
Must fast run, we see;
The stones must break and burn,
To grind the grist to meet;
A closer still must press
The ever-lightening stones;
The mills grind more, not less,
Of kingdoms and of thrones.

The Russ and Turk are lo,
Oh, list the crushing sound!
No master whose the sin,
The grist of God is ground.
We hear the awful cry
From distant vale and hill,
The sound of agony,
The noises of God's mill.

The peoples, they're the grain;
The grinding is begun;
With might on land and main
The mills of God must run;
The nations great and strong
Are nothing in His sight;
He grinds them slow and long,
But always grinds them right.

Then let these mighty mills
That break us here below,
Grind on, as Heaven wills,
With motions swift or slow;
Together press the stones,
Thou Hand of power above,
Thy mills, in all the zones,
Grind evermore in love!

CREATION IN GENESIS.

BY REV. F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.

FIRST PAPER.

Creation is a miraculous manifestation of God in time and space. The material universe is a Cosmos, or order, a system of forces, which forces are, as Dr. Thomas Hill has expressed it, "modes of motion, rhythmical in time and symmetrical in space." This rhythm and symmetry perpetually reveal a Mind whose image is the mind of man. Plato expresses this thought by saying, "God geometrizes." We have no means of knowing how God reveals Himself to other intelligences, nor have we any clear conception of the nature of any other intelligences than man. Whether they, like man, are limited by time and space, we do not know; but these are necessary forms of human thought, and therefore necessary forms of human language. Creation, as described in the first chapters of Genesis, is to be interpreted as a revelation to man. How the sun and earth appear to the angels, or to dwellers on other planets (if such there are), we cannot imagine; much less can we imagine how they appear to God himself. We cannot even imagine what colors, sounds, odors, etc., are to the lower animals around us; for we have no language in which we can communicate with them. Absolute creation is by us inconceivable and indescribable; but the narrative of Genesis describes creation in relation to man.

To God, cause and effect are simultaneous, for time is a human limitation. His work is timeless, though necessarily concealed by us under the form of time; that is, we are obliged to think of God's work as beginning and ending in successive acts, though really it is one eternal flow. The Absolute is immutable; the I am cannot change.

2. Since the revival of the physical sciences under the leadership of Bacon, attention has been turned so powerfully to the study of natural processes, or physical laws, that commentators have quite generally sought to find in this narrative astronomical and geological processes. But the Scriptures everywhere speak of the world as it appears to average man, not to the scientific observer. They chiefly address men as a moral, and secondarily as a reasoning, being. We are not, then, to seek here for astronomical, geological, or biological processes, but for such truths as are most directly adapted to lead a moral being to God.

3. Creation is here set forth as a miracle, an event not in the line of or-

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BOSTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1878.

No. 11.

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VOL. LV.

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No. 11.

WEARIED, but the night is far spent, the day is at hand, and the regular accommodation train will soon be along and take us on; and still I heard the tinkle, tinkle of the bell of the retiring locomotive in the distance—tinkle, faintly t-i-n-k-e—when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice called, "Husband, wake up! The tea-bell has been rung again and again, and you sound in sleep."

Starting up, I met the gaze of my wife, who said, "How pale you look! Are you ill?"

"No, not ill but—I had a dream, which was not all a dream. Some time I will tell it to you."

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

If those who have roared over the lecturer's sallies, as they were uttered from the platform, have taken pains to read over in their morning paper next day the words that seemed to them so sharp and funny when spoken, we venture to say that many of them were amazed and shocked, as well as ashamed, that they had cheered the irreverent, as well as dishonest, treatment of subjects regarding which the orator's flippancy is wholly misplaced. One need not believe in a personal devil, with horns and tail, cloven foot and sulphurous odor, to perceive that Col. Ingerson's version of ancient and modern belief in demonology is a gross perversion of the truth, —and that is only one example out of a score that might be named to show the method of the speaker in the invention of doctrines that are not held, simply for the sake of raising a laugh and persuading his hearers that he has disposed of the doctrines as they are held.

Weary weeks passed, and the good wife began to grieve for her companion. His energies flagged, and he went to his daily task without heart or hope. At last, one morning after months of consuming grief, the father came from his private devotions with his usual, old-time smile, and burst into song:

"The Lord my shepherd is,

"I shall be well supplied;

"Since He is mine and I am His,

"What can I want beside?

"He leads me to the place

"Where greenest pastures grow;

"The living waters of His grace,

"Endless plenty flow."

"Why, husband, what has taken place that you are so cheerful and happy?" asked the wife.

"Oh, I have had such a revelation in the night. It is all right and clear to me now; the Lord knows what is best."

"Why did I doubt this goodness and love? I dreamed last night that our little idol was not dead, but lived to young manhood; yet in spite of all we did, we could do, we were astray; and O wife, he became a confirmed drunkard, and hearts were broken by the sad spectacle, and we wished he had died in his pure infancy. Oh, he is saved, saved!" and then he sang again:

"I am the Presiding Elder of this district," he said, "and have come to attend a quarterly meeting in this circuit. My name is Beale."

"Yes," said the matron, "we were expecting you. My husband is down in the clearing, and you will have to wait upon yourself. Put your horse in the barn, and come in."

He took off his saddle-bags, led his steed to the stable, and returned to the house.

Oliver Beale! a name honored and cherished by the old members of the M. E. Church in the State of Maine. Leaving his calling, abandoning all hopes of worldly gain and aggrandizement, he went out to seek and save the lost sheep in that wilderness. In poverty and privation, in cold, hunger and weariness, he and his helpers toiled on. "Persecuted, but not forsaken; crushed, but not destroyed," they pushed their way into the new settlements, visited the pioneers as soon as smoke issued from the log cabins, and gathering the settlers in some kitchen, or school-house, or barn, preached "the word of this salvation" to eager listeners, and broke the "bread of life" to hungry souls. Grand old man! I see him now as I have often seen him—that tall, straight form bending over the pulpit, the audience, his eyes suffused with tears, his facial muscles yearning with emotion, and his loving arms stretched out toward the people, as if anxious to gather them all in his embrace and carry them bodily to the Saviour.

But the old tin dinner-horn shakes the air, echoing far down into the forest, and calling the hard toiler from labor to refreshment. The young farmer comes in, and after an ablation at the well behind the house, gives the preacher a hearty welcome. Indeed, the young man is a preacher himself. Not satisfied with toiling six days in the week, he has begun to go out into the surrounding settlements and call sinners to repentance. And the name of David Young, in all that region, is as "oointment poured forth" with the few survivors of those times.

"And so, Brother Young, you are making a home for yourself?" remarked the Presiding Elder, as they sat at table taking dinner.

"Yes," said the young man, "but it is slow work. It is difficult to get my work done, mechanics are so busy. I'm afraid I shall not get my house finished before winter sets in. I have the sashes, glass and putty for finishing the glazing of my house, but cannot get a glazier to do it."

"You have the material, you say, ready?" said this Methodist preacher.

"Yes, all in the house."

"Very well, I am a painter and glazier by trade. Bring out the material, and I will set your glass."

And so this primitive bishop—a bishop, a true *episcopos*, because an overseer, though without mitre, stole or chasuble, no ring, gown (save a gingham for hot weather), or bands; yet the equal of the Archbishop of Canterbury—took off his coat and set all the glass for the parlor, and put in the windows where they are to this day! How often I have thought of this when

the labor problem arises as soon as one hundred and twenty men are candidates for one hundred places. The principle is the same as that of the famine problem, which arises when one hundred and twenty men want food that is barely sufficient for one hundred. Men instinctively seek the solution of the famine problem for more food. More food is the only solution of the famine problem. We say more food, because emigration of the surplus twenty men is a search for more food. In a general sense, more work is the solution of the labor problem; it comes to the same thing if the surplus twenty men seek other employment.

The ounce of prevention is, however, as important here as in disease; and the labor problem is to be solved by human society as famine problems are—by methods which prevent scarcity. These are not methods of legislation—not making laws against famines—but methods of enlightenment and education.—*Methodist*.

Christ is a reality, and a person's ideal conception of Him cannot add to, or take from, Him one jot or tittle of His quickening might. Two men may dispute all night about the emissive or the undulatory theory of light. But when the sun rises in the morning, the great light makes things equally visible to both, despite their theories, if they will open their eyes. And when a man, by an act of honest faith, opens the door of his heart and the eyes of his soul, so that Christ, the light of the world, may come in and enlighten and vivify his consciousness, it matters little what were his preconceived notions, or what are now his merely intellectual theories about Christ's person or power.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

Every wrong which we inflict upon our own soul is represented as disqualifying us somewhat for that nobleness of life and character which God designs, and as sending us into the next stage of being proportionately maimed, weakened and corrupted. Every instance of violated conscience injures and untunes the harp of a thousand strings." The light within us being dim, the tendency is to greater dimness. A blurred conscience is as "an evil eye." The teachings and decisions of an evil conscience are contrary to those of a good conscience; and we know not why they will not be quite as continuous in their effects. This law of reflex inflexion—or wrong doing—is recognized in the teachings of Christianity.—*Northern Christian Advocate*.

SPECTRES OF THE OLD CHEST.

BY REV. MARK TRAPTON, D. D.

FIRST PAPER.

It is Dr. Adams who introduced the evening debate between Starr King and the Methodist unknown. "Dr. Adams," he said, "declares that I cannot understand the Greek Testament, though I know the Greek language and grammar perfectly." Dr. Adams is right," says the opponent. "The natural man knoweth not the things of the Spirit. Neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." That Dr. Adams survives to this day, and brings out an appropriate book for old age—"At Eventide." It is a small but large book. Every sermon is a gem, full of spirit, full of truth. If our young preachers wish to learn the meaning of that text, "rightly dividing the word of truth," let them read this small volume. The texts are not trite, nor are they far to seek. "Ho! every one that thirsteth," is a charming discourse on the offers of the Gospel, very quaint and rich. "God our Dwelling in Heaven," "The Star numbered and named," are some suggestive topics richly rendered. Others, all of them, are alike bright and fresh. In those days his Church had as few hearers as Dr. Bartol's has to-day; but they were hearers indeed, as his sermons are sermons indeed, which, alas! those of the delightful writer of the West Church are not. Choate was refreshed by a style as unlike his own as the pearl is unlike the ruby. He was hard, old-fashioned, high Calvinistic, bitterly pro-slavery, dreadfully afraid of religious, or any other, enthusiasm. Kirk & Co. had no access here. Yet was he cultured, keen, tender, imaginative, charming. His "Agnes and her Little Key," is still by far the best book ever written on the death of children. His was a much higher order of talent than either of the others. His was a genius, not talent; yet it was a genius buried in a napkin so far as popularity was concerned. No crowds ever thronged his gates. Kirk and King and Trapton were followed by multitudes. He sat and sung alone,—

"Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbodied,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it
needed not."

His defense of slavery, or slaveholders, his hyper-Calvinism, will be forgotten.

These hidden fountains, made known by the greenness of the grass about them and above them, will be read and loved for many generations.

Not the least of these worthies is the last. Dr. Trapton has a style all his own, as he has had a career all his own, Few men can so bring themselves into a closet for your boots, shoes and brushes; I do not like to have them lying around under foot in the kitchen."

"To hear is to obey," I replied to her majesty, the queen. "Where shall it be put?"

"In the corner by the stove; it will be handy."

"Suppose," I hesitatingly suggested,

"I take the old blue chest from the cellar, and convert that into a shoe-closet?"

"Do so," she said at once. "We shall never pack it again. Why, do you know that my father had that chest when he married my mother?"

"Well, how long since that occurred?" I asked.

After all was over, the smiling groom went to the stable and brought out his horse, saddled, with a pillion behind for his happy bride. Mounting, he rode to the horse-block (a section of a large log with steps cut into it), his bride stepped lightly up, and seating herself behind him, threw her arm round his waist (woman clinging like a vine to its support!), and thus they rode away to make a home together. A dozen old shoes went flying after them, hurled by young and old, while quivering lips pronounced the words, "God bless you, children!" Blessed old times of primitive simplicity and unsullied honor! Blessed be the memory of our fathers and mothers!

But now the scene changed, and looking into the old chest, now a closet, I saw a new, unfinished house on an elevated site—a one-story cottage about 30 by 40 feet. It stood a little back from the road, and behind

the glass for the parlor, and put in the windows where they are to this day!

How often I have thought of this when

the glass for the parlor, and put in the windows where they are to this day!

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A PARAPHRASE.

BY M. E. B. THORNE.

1. O God! I pray be merciful to me,
For in Thee doth my weary spirit trust;
Yea, to the shadow of Thy wings I fly,
And refuge find within Thy sheltering arms
Till these calamities be overpast.
2. To Him I raise my voice, my God most high,
Who hears and ever heeds my pleading cry.
3. He sendeth from the heavens and saveth me.
When for my life the enemy awaits;
My God sends forth His mercy and His truth.
4. My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed;
To Thee I will sing praise, to Thee, my Lord!
5. Awake, my glory! O, awake my harp!
Awake, my soul, to early praise His name!
6. Among the people, Lord, I Thee will praise,
Among the nations I will sing to Thee,—
10. Because Thy mercy reaches to the heaven,
Thy truth unto the downward-bending clouds.
11. Be Thou exalted o'er the heavens, O God!
Above the wide earth let Thy glory be!

REST.

BY REV. CHARLES BRUCE FITBLAD.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."
HEBREWS iv. 3.

(Concluded.)

2. It is rest from doubt. There are broods of professors who live in the wilder, misty region of doubt. There are others, who live in the sunny realm of certainty. They have not speculated about Jesus Christ, but believed Him. Christianity is to them not only a creed, but a life. They have perfect faith in God in Christ, and so perfect certainty, and so perfect rest. There is a great difference between doubt and certainty. Doubt is weakness, stagnation, unrest; certainty is strength, progress, rest. We don't wonder that Scotland's greatest infidel once said that he was sorry he ever doubted. Doubt squeezes all the pith and courage out of the soul; certainty braces its sinews, thickens and redems its blood, and fills it with pluck and restfulness.

Faith in God's fatherly wisdom and motherly love, is the foundation of rest in the trouble-times and dark passes of life. A little girl was asked to come into a dark cellar. She was timid, and, looking down, said, "You down here, God?" With the kind of faith in God that she had, the Christian is ready for the dark places and passes. It may be he stands by the wreck of his earthly possessions, stunned; but as soon as he speaks, he says, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Maybe he stands by a little coffin, sad and lonely, but he looks up and says, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." He has no doubt about God's love and wisdom. A brave fisherman went out among the breakers to save the crew of a foundering ship. His wife coming down to the shore, asked, "Where is William?" Some one answered, "O Mrs. Johnston, your husband is drowned!" Drowned! Night came down about her heart. She went home, and gathering her little children round her, said, "Children, your father is drowned! Come, let us kneel down and pray." Her heart was breaking. Her children were fatherless. Her home was desolate. She knelt and stretched up her hand of faith through the night, up, up higher, until she grasped the Hand that is always there. She rose, saying, "Thank God, He has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow!" She rested in God.

Many of us have passed under the cloud of bereavement. It may have been black. Some of us saw the Hand stretched down through the "depths of darkness and heard voices ringing through our souls—"I will never leave thee." As thy days, so shall thy strength be." It was enough. Our souls rested in God. The trouble-cloud became a canopy of glory. Oh! it was a sad time when we stood by the grave and said "good-bye!" We have in our homes and near our hearts lockets and like-souls and half-worn-out shoes and shawls, that we sadly, strangely cling to. They are, to us, more than gems. But we'll think nothing about these things when we meet our dear departed in the morning. Waiting for the morning, we can sing with Mark Trafont:—

"And the trinkets lie sadly around me—
One hair-braid I bear on my breast;
But I think, O my friend, as I mark them,
I believe what He wills is best."

3. This "rest" of the text fits perfectly for the sublime purposes of spiritual life. In that sense he is perfect. Hooker says, "We count those things perfect which want nothing requisite for the end whereunto they are instituted." Hooker says "things;" let us say creatures. For illustration, take two eagles: One has a lame leg, a blind eye, and a broken wing. Surely he is not well-fitted for the end of his existence, so he is not a perfect eagle. The other one is neither blind, nor lame, nor broken-winged. See him leap from the eyrie and ride out on the blast! He is fully fitted for the end of his existence, so he is a perfect eagle. Take two men physically: One has a twist in his spine and lumbo in his joints. He is troubled with asthma, and has a touch of dropsy on the brain. Poor man! he is badly fitted for the physical

purposes of life; therefore he is not a perfect man physically. The other man is healthy, and symmetrical, and brawny. He is fully fitted for the physical purposes of life; therefore he is a perfect physical man. Take two professed Christians: One is snappish, surly, peevish. His soul has asthma and lumbo—a awful diseases for it to have. The very muscles of his soul are flaccid. It is so easy for him to create half feuds at home and little broils in the Church. His arguments are apt to run mad, and his bargaining to fling him from his equilibrium. He talks about his "crooked paths," and some of them seem crooked enough. He seems to think it almost necessary to sin a little every day "in thought, word and deed," to keep him humble and give him a chance to groan, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Poor soul! he is not well-fitted for the sublime purposes of a Christian life; therefore he is not a perfect Christian. Nobody supposes he is. Look at the other professed Christian! He seems to have found a soul full of rhythm. He is restful and muscular spiritually, because he has believed in Jesus with all his heart. He is zealous, because his soul is in the throne-room of the Holy Ghost. He is clear, because the sin-ooze has been washed from his soul by the blood of the Lamb. Such a Christian is fitted for the sublime purposes of a spiritual life; therefore he is a perfect Christian. His heart is in ardent concert with the heart of God. Shall we say with the Bible, that he is "made perfect in love?"

4. This soul-rest makes its possessor practical. He may be naturally sentimental, or romantic, or poetic; he is surely practical. There is no necessary dissonance between the poetical and practical. They may be, and often are, perfectly harmonious. Look at the dew. It is poetic as it silvers the violet in the valley, and the daffodil in the dingle; as it shimmers along lea and lawn, through glade and glen.—

"Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain
And to the skies exhale it back again."

REVELATION AND INSPIRATION.

BY REV. G. R. PALMER.

It is a mistake to proceed upon the assumption that the divine authority of the Bible depends upon its inspiration. If the province of inspiration is distinctly marked, such a position will appear untenable. Sometimes a given production upon the subject indiscriminately teaches that we are to understand by inspiration that the Scriptures are the word of God, and further, that inspiration means that God spoke through us. In substance, then, we are informed that first, inspiration is equivalent to revelation. Secondly, inspiration relates to the manner of making a revelation. It is obvious that both propositions are not well-founded, and that the last is much nearer the truth than the first. We quote from McClintock's Cyclopedia: "The Greek expression signifies a divine action on the perceptions." Further, inspiration may be defined "as an extraordinary divine agency upon teachers."

The restful Christian of other years was practical. Look at Wesley, Fletcher, Carvosso, George Fox, Ann Rogers, Lady Maxwell, Fenelon, Rutherford, Bramwell, Brainard, Payson, Asbury, Leighton, Hamline and Finney! Each of these was practical as a spring morning, or as a letter-carrier. The restful Christian of to-day is just as practical as those who lived and worked in years of other times. It sends the steam-cars rumbling, rushing through the mysterious forests where old trees stand, tempests, and ring out, as did Canon Liddon that day in the presence of a hundred sculptured memorials of death, "Judgment to come! Judgment to come!" for "every man must give an account of himself before God;" for this was his text.

Watson W. Smith.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM LONDON — LIDDON AND FARRAR.

MR. EDITOR: I have had the pleasure of seeing two or three copies of ZION'S HERALD, in my absence from home, and in one I noticed a lengthy criticism on Canon Farrar for his heretical utterances in Westminster Abbey. The article especially interested me, for I happened to be present on that occasion, and am not surprised that so free and bold an utterance from so high a source as that should excite remark even across the Atlantic. Since that time I have had the pleasure of listening to Canon Liddon in St. Paul's cathedral, on a similar theme, and could not draw a comparison between the two in regard to their method of treating such a topic. As regards delivery and style, the former is the more pleasing and popular of the two. His manner is more sympathetic, and his animated, easy delivery and faultless rhetoric were the expression of undoubted depth and honesty of conviction; and the very first sentence of his discourse showed how deeply he feels the sin and woe of the poor and vicious classes. My respect for his scholarship was not heightened, though he is undoubtedly a gentleman of rare culture; but on every side of the tremendous question of the future, prejudice of some kind seems to enthrall Christian students. The feeling at the close was—true or not true, is the pulpit place for critical disquisitions on difficult themes? And his example that day greatly deepened a growing conviction that there is a better method of treating the subject before a promiscuous audience than the critical or controversial. Under this theme is a broad substratum of common truth. In the discourse of Canon Liddon, which I had the good fortune to hear a few weeks after the Abbey discourse, the grand theme of the deepest convictions of men, which made one forget that there had ever been controversies pertaining to the solemn truth that "every man must give an account of himself before God;" for this was his text.

Liddon's manner of delivery is hard, compared with his distinguished co-adjoint, but it is, nevertheless, far better than the majority of the Established clergy, for it is strong and business-like, though high-toned. But even his strong voice scarcely reached the outer-skirts of the great throng. I never heard a sermon that seemed more closely upon the conscience, with its straightforward, plain statement of the solemn facts of the moral world. There was not a breath used on critical points. Not one man present, whatever his theological bias, could dispute the truth of his words; and though his high, mettlesome aristocratic bearing had but little of popular sympathy in it, and a good deal of cloistered, scholarly exclusiveness of character might be suspected, though perhaps uncharitably, yet the unmixed tide of truth that filled that place of renown can never be called to mind without deep respect; for it was unquestionably God's truth.

The lesson I drew from hearing these two noted men was this: Let the nice, doubtful points alone, and ring out, as did Canon Liddon that day in the presence of a hundred sculptured memorials of death, "Judgment to come! Judgment to come!" for "every man must give an account of himself before God."

The Alliance was offered by Ex-Gov. Dixley as president, F. G. Rich, secretary, N. E. Gould, treasurer, and a large and influential board of directors and executive committee representing the different parts of the State, giving promise of efficiency in the working of the new society. And Camp-meeting John Allen came also; for the public meeting is completed without him. The personal of the meeting showed that the Methodists, ministers and laymen were abreast of the times in the temperance work. Addresses were made by Gen. Hall, Ex-Gov. Dixley, J. N. Stearns, of New York, Rev. Mr. Miner, Rev. W. S. Jones, Rev. D. W. Leachur, and J. K. Osgood, the father of the real missionary child that will push us out into "the regions beyond."

NOTES FROM MAINE.

A State Temperance Alliance was formed in Portland on Wednesday, Feb. 25th. The temperance workers of the State were well represented, and evinced considerable enthusiasm. The only diversity of opinion which developed itself in the meeting, was over a motion to strike out, "as a beverage," wine, beer, porter, etc., from the pledge of the constitution. Some had no place on the face of the earth for the vile stuff called alcohol; others thought perhaps it was needed as a medicine and for mechanical purposes, and the clause was retained. The personal of the meeting showed that the Methodists, ministers and laymen were abreast of the times in the temperance work. Addresses were made by Gen. Hall, Ex-Gov. Dixley, J. N. Stearns, of New York, Rev. Mr. Miner, Rev. W. S. Jones, Rev. D. W. Leachur, and J. K. Osgood, the father of the real missionary child that will push us out into "the regions beyond."

MONDAY EVENING.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE

WORLDS DISTRICT.

The ministers of Norwich district held their last meeting for the Conference year at Portland, Feb. 11-13. This was the first meeting of the Association at Portland. The brethren were heartily received, and all the meetings were attended by large and interested audiences.

There was quite a large attendance of the brethren of the district, and, with a single exception, every assignment of the programme was filled. Several brethren were kept away from the meeting by revivals in their charges. Presiding Elder J. Mather presided, and added to the interest of the meeting by his participation in the discussion of several questions. D. L. Brown was chosen secretary.

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There was quite a large attendance of the brethren of the district, and, with a single exception, every assignment of the programme was filled. Several brethren were kept away from the meeting by revivals in their charges. Presiding Elder J. Mather presided, and added to the interest of the meeting by his participation in the discussion of several questions. D. L. Brown was chosen secretary.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, March 24.

Lesson XII. 2 CHRON. xxxii, 9-16.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

MANASSEH BROUGHT TO REPENTANCE.

One of the facts which is a stumbling block to the world, and yet is one of the first truths of salvation, is, that a "broken and contrite heart" is the most acceptable offering that can be made to God. To a superficial mind, repentance looks like weakness. The self-sufficient man of the world would count it unmanly to confess his weaknesses, acknowledge himself a sinner, and bow humbly as a penitent. This way of entering into the kingdom of faith looks to him like foolishness. And yet, to this end the sublimest facts of redemption point. Before the great Preacher himself entered upon the ministry of reconciliation, a voice crying in the wilderness began to sound this message of repentance with telling earnestness. Then the invitations, the entreaties, the warnings, the tears, the groans, the drops of sweat and of blood upon the sacred brow, the dying love of Jesus the Mediator, all crowd their urgent meaning into the doctrine of repentance. If there is no penitence, what becomes of all the superior doctrines taught by Christ? Of what avail are all the lofty precepts which are to enter into the new life of the human soul, if that life is never begun? How can any structure rise without foundations?

So repentance, with its ashes and tears, its laceration of a past life, its rains which lie at the end of long years, perhaps,—this repentance is the strait gate through which alone the soul of any sinning mortal can pass up toward God. It is the way of the Old Testament and of the New. It was necessary for sinning Manasseh! It is the one thing needful for sinners of to-day. The unchanging fact that goes on with our fallen race is that repentance alone will bring forgiveness, peace, light, life.

EXPOSITORY.

Manasseh came to the throne of Judah at twelve years of age, and held the sovereignty longer than any other king in David's line—fifty-five years. His accession brought in the very worst period of national apostasy that had yet transpired. As he was but a boy, it is to be easily inferred that there must have been a powerful idolatrous party which had been kept under during Hezekiah's rule, and which came forward with vigorous measures at this time. The priests and prophets became licentious drunkards. Babylonian abominations were introduced not only into the Holy City, but were even thrust into the temple courts. Moloch was worshipped, and the king's sons were dedicated to this cruel god. Baal and Ashtaroth worshipped took the place of the temple ritual. Every idolatrous faith was practiced or tolerated; the true religion was abandoned and proscribed. The ark of the covenant was removed, the sacred books were utterly destroyed, and a tradition tells us that Manasseh ordered even the name of Jehovah to be erased from all documents and inscriptions. We can only imagine the persecutions which the faithful must have had to endure. Isaiah, who lived probably to see the beginning of this deplorable day, fell, it is thought, a martyr under the cruel axe of Manasseh.

The king's policy was thoroughly heathenish. He had introduced such corrupting rites that Judah was worse than the nations which had never known the true faith. A backsliding man or people may reach lower depths of degradation than is possible to the worst pagan.

The Lord spoke; but deaf ears and stony hearts gave no heed. No doubt there were many faithful souls who protested against the wrongs and iniquities of this dark age. Voices of God might have been heard behind the disarray and loud, coarse mockery of false worship; but they would not reach the seared consciences of the recreant people.

Therefore, Jehovah spoke louder. If the warnings and prayers of an Isaiah, and of such as he, would not avail, a more terrible voice would now be uttered. The king of Assyria was Esar-haddon. To retrieve the broken fortunes of his predecessor, he sent armies across the Euphrates to regain the tributary provinces which Sennacherib had lost. Judah was overrun by troops; the capital was probably taken, and the king himself, caught in some thicket used as a hiding place, was taken captive and carried to Babylon, one of the dependent cities belonging to Assyria. Later accounts say that he was thrown into prison and fed upon bread and water mixed with vinegar; that he was afterwards condemned to be encased in a brazen image, but he repented and prayed, and the image clave asunder and he escaped. The Biblical account tells of his affliction, and that the distress to which he was reduced made him penitent. His captivity brought him to his right mind, showed him how impotent false gods were to assist him, and he remembered the God of his faithful father, and prayed for deliverance in great humility. If his humiliation was in proportion to his past sins, he must have gone very low in the dust. God heard and answered his supplications. The divine mercy does not ask whether the sins of the penitent are too great to be forgiven, but does the sinner heartily repent? All things are possible to God's forgiveness that a penitent soul can confess. After an exile of two years, Manasseh was restored to his kingdom. Doubtless the Assyrian king had some political motive in releasing his royal captive; perhaps that

he might have the kingdom of Judah as a barrier between his own dominion and Egypt.

After this experience Manasseh was no longer a disbeliever in Jehovah. He knew that Jehovah, and not any idol he had set up, was God. And yet it is doubted by some whether Manasseh was thoroughly converted. Keil thinks

"the facts do not prove a thorough conversion, much less that he made amendments for his sin by repentance and immolation, but merely attest the restoration of Jehovah-worship in the temple." He set about the work of strengthening his defenses. He built a wall on the west side of the valley of Gihon, extending it from the northeast corner of the wall of Zion in a northerly direction. This was the quarter from which the temple would be most easily assailed. He also built up Ophel—"the mound or eminence on the southeastern slope of the temple mount, a ridge lying between the valleys of Kidron and Tyropeon, called the lower city." In all the fortified cities he placed additional troops under captains. He also cast out the heathen altars and idols which he had lately been instrumental in building in temple and city. But we must conclude that this was scarcely more than a formal reformation. The Ark was not restored to its place. The book of the Law of Jehovah remained in concealment. Notwithstanding the partial restoration of the true religion, the people did sacrifice to Jehovah in the "high places," showing that there was not a complete return to the simple rites of the fathers, but heathen ceremonial were used in the Jehovah-worship. The king commanded the people to serve God. How much better for people and ruler if he had set an example of sincere penitence and thorough reform. As it was, the heart of the kingdom was still corrupt, and the habits of worship practically unchanged. Faith was dying out. The close of Manasseh's reign was scarcely better than its beginning. He did not have the burial of a king at his death, and long afterwards, in spite of his repentence, "the Jews held his name in abhorrence, as one of the three kings who had no part in eternal life."

PRACTICAL.

1. Troubles and pains may be remedied, if they bring the soul back to God; if they do not purify, they will certainly harden.

2. A shallow repentance is no repentence; it must go to the deepest soul, to the last secret sin, or the soul cannot be sound.

3. There cannot be many altars for the soul: One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one altar of worship.

LESSONS FOR YOUNGER CLASSES.

BY HELEN CHASE STEELE.

MANASSEH BROUGHT TO REPENTANCE.

Hezekiah's little boy was not good like his father. It was a great pity, because he was only twelve years old when his father died, and he took his seat on the throne.

When he grew older, he built up all the altars that his father had taken down, to the last secret sin, or the soul cannot be sound.

3. There cannot be many altars for the soul: One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one altar of worship.

MANASSEH BROUGHT TO REPENTANCE.

Hezekiah's little boy was not good like his father. It was a great pity, because he was only twelve years old when his father died, and he took his seat on the throne.

He loved Manasseh, and loved the Jews. He knew how much happier they would be if they served Him. So, because He loved them, He sent a great trouble upon them; He let the soldiers of the Monrovia Seminary, Brother Joel Osgood, who was appointed also to Boporo, and who sailed Jan. 2, now be nearing Liberia; and also an other brother, a colored man of excellent education, accompanying Brother Osgood, is appointed as teacher in the Monrovia Seminary, and orders have already gone forward for the opening of the seminary at once. Thus four men are under appointment to African mission work.

Rev. L. F. Thomson, of our mission in Montevideo, South America, and

seven others, under the direction of Mr. Carson Brevort, branch of this monthly publication of the question,

of the colonial Bilingual Review, and the usual literary varied number.

AND RELIGIOUS DIS-

TRIBUTARY PYRAMID, Re-

lief, by T. Smyth and Oth-

er, Wilson. Chicago:

privately published, tract,

entitled "Faith and Specu-

lative,"

and the usual literary varied number.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chas-

"te; be zealous, therefore, and repent!" —

REV. H. H.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. What was the name of Hezekiah's

little boy?

2. Was he like his father?

3. How old was he, when he came to the throne?

4. What did he build?

5. What did he put in the Temple?

6. What did he do to please one of his idol gods?

7. In what did he believe?

8. To what did he pray?

9. Did he repent when God spoke to him?

10. What trouble did God send upon him?

11. When did Manasseh remember God?

12. For what did he pray?

13. Was God ready to forgive him?

14. Is God always ready to forgive us?

Ans. The Bible says, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." 1 John 1, 9.

15. When Manasseh returned to Jerusalem, what did he do?

16. What did he tell his people?

When we do wrong, we ought to repent.

REPENT YE.

It was Sunday afternoon. Ned Mills had just come home from Sunday school, and was lying on his back before the wood fire in the sitting-room, his arms thrown back over his head, his eyes fixed on the ceiling. What was he thinking about?

So his mother thought, as she lay on the lounge at the other side of the room.

Father and Mary had gone to meeting with Mrs. Mills had stayed at home with a severe headache; and Ned—the truth was, Ned did not like "meeting" very well; it was "so awfully solemn."

"Mother," said he at last, "right over our class in Sunday-school is a motto—"Repent ye," in big letters. What does repeat mean, anyway?"

"I think you mean, Ned, don't you?"

"Well, I suppose it means to be sorry when you've done anything wrong; told a lie, or stole a watermelon."

"Yes," said his mother. You see I knew all about Ned, so she said nothing more, but waited for him to go on.

"Well, I don't see through it," said he at length.

"Why not?"

"I'll tell you. Don't you remember how Jimmy Foster and I hooked one of old Simpson's watermelons last summer?"

"I guess I do! Wasn't I mad, though?"

"I guess so," said his mother. "I saw you knew all about Ned, so she said nothing more, but waited for him to go on.

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ZION'S
HERALD.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1878.

The Eastern question has passed out of the region of physical strife into a contest between diplomats. Russia's triumph is absolute and beyond question. England can secure no combination against her demands as the price of peace. Turkey has accepted her terms, and interchanged civilities; it is rumored that she has entered into close treaty relations with Russia. What the actual preliminary terms of peace are, is not yet clearly known. Reports are freely made and denied; possibly intentionally, in order to discover, indirectly, the opinions of the Great Powers. Germany sits as the great pacifier, and evidently holds the balance of power in Europe. What a vacancy would be created by the death of Bismarck! Europe could better lose two or three of her crowned heads. England seems to be almost as much humiliated as Turkey by her connection with the late war. She has blustered, threatened, made astonishing preparations, moved to the very brink of the precipice of war, and after all, hesitated, wisedom, doubtless, and accomplished nothing. The congress of the nations for the adjustment of the international questions involved in the settlement of the controversy, is to be held in Berlin, and all the great European powers invited have agreed to send their representatives to it. Until after this noted congress, we shall not know the exact results of this most memorable struggle of the century.

To ministers, as to other people, the desire of pecuniary independence is natural and pardonable, and other things being equal, may not be a serious obstacle to success. That such pecuniary independence, however, is indispensable to success in the sacred office, is not so apparent. Indeed, it remains a reasonable doubt whether comparative dependence be not, to those bearing a message from God to guilty men, an almost necessary element of power. The world is suspicious of wealth; it honors honest and voluntary poverty, when consecrated and endured as a means to insure the high purposes of life. Not without reason, the Lord chose His position among the poor. In this grade of society He found the best leverage to move the world. In this unworthy attitude He was able to approach the conscience and to move the sympathies of the people, as well as to stand forth most free from sinister suspicions. Here too, He found the apostles who were to bear the faith to the ends of the earth. Wealth could never have convinced the world which bowed before their simple and sincere preaching. Poverty, as well as grace, wrought in them mightily.

To the strength of this principle of reverence for poverty, all the great revivals bear witness. In her poverty the Church was strong and triumphant; she became exonerated only when wealth was poured into her lap. After being shorn of her locks, the return again to vigor has invariably been through the gate of poverty. Methodism was the uprising of a great preaching order for the masses. Sympathizing with the early leaders in their straitened and depressed circumstances, we are prone to forget that their very poverty and struggles proved one of their grand resources. In this they differed from most of the clergy of their time.

The power of our Church has not increased in proportion to her advance in members and wealth. The very prosperity that attends her may tend to reduce her spiritual vigor and weaken the testimony she bears to the world. The poor Church, in worldly wealth, and the poor minister, may be the very ones in the way to do the most good. We may have greater reason to be thankful for comparative poverty than for wealth. When wealth and talent are consecrated—a rare combination indeed—wide and blessed results follow.

Some men can extract sunshine out of an iceberg. A happy and useful pastor, successfully laboring in a neighboring Church, in a private note, the other day, remarked that he had been much impressed with the danger of leaving any considerable amount of earthly substance behind for children to quarrel over or be injured by; but that Providence had now saved him from all anxiety in this respect. He had invested a few hundred dollars in the bonds of a Western town, but these had been repudiated; he had bought a paid-up life insurance in a memorable company, and this had failed; and he owned stock in a down-east manufacturing company.

We see that the speakers for the anniversary occasions, at least in a portion of the Conferences, are appointed. Let there be no disappointment, or failure in adequate preparation. The audiences, in the large country town where the New England Conference meets, will be worthy of the most careful and thoughtful efforts of the wisely-selected men who are to be the advocates of great charities, or the representatives of important institutions. It is to be hoped that the speakers will not fail of having the presence of their ministerial brethren, as well as of the local congregations. It is an act of fraternal courtesy, as well as of loyalty to Church enterprises, that we all owe to each other and the great common interests that we consider on such occasions.

but this had also exploded; so that he was relieved of all anxiety in reference to any possible injury that his children might suffer from the estate that would be left to them. He has, however, a large and rich inheritance, in which his family shares with him, in a property which is, happily, beyond all the incidents of mortal life, and will endure and enhance forever. And he inherits, also, what is an earthly fortune in itself—a cheerful and trustful spirit.

There will be many changes to be made at the coming New England Conferences; but we ask no sympathy from our friends of the established orders. These changes will be made without heart-burnings (not, perhaps, without personal sacrifices for Christ's sake), and without violent interruptions of the harmony of Churches. There is no Christian sect that carries so comfortably such a body of ministers. If the itinerancy were given up, there are hundreds of men, some of them very deserving and useful, but modest and self-distrustful, who would find it impossible to secure regular preaching appointments for themselves; and there are hundreds of small appointments that would find it still more difficult to supply their pulpits with the class of preachers they are now receiving. The system has been exposed to its severest strains in New England, and demonstrated its efficiency by its marvelous success. We can only think of one improvement; that is, to have the appointments made for one year, and their continuance left to discretion rather than to be determined by a positive limitation of three years. But we should say, let not even this amendment of a successful providential experiment of over a century be tried, if it would in any wise peril the admirable system itself. Our Congregational brethren, when they find themselves in good pulpits, with small minorities to trouble them, have no patience with our itinerancy; but when, for years, they hang upon the ragged edge of unsuccessful candidating, they sigh for some "central bureau."

If persons at a distance suppose that the criticisms to which Mr. Cook and the Monday lectureship have been submitted, have diminished his audiences, or affected unfavorably their quality, they are greatly mistaken. The great audience-room has not been better filled during the whole hundred discourses, than for the last half dozen lectures. The interest, both in the preludes and discussions, has been fully sustained. One of the series of his subjects has been invested with more practical and immediate value than the one now in progress, upon the relation of fidelity to the family. The volume embodying this course, when published, will be of permanent value, and less exposed to the fall criticism of friendly writers. Some of his lectures on this theme, even if somewhat overwrought rhetorically, have been master-pieces of platform eloquence, and have excited the most enthusiastic appreciation. Among fair-minded hearers the conviction seems to be, that, while there is ground for severe criticism as to manner and matter, in some of the lectures, the articles in the *New Engander* have been equally open to objection, unnecessarily severe, and, in some instances, unfounded and unjust. While it is easy to point out surface-blemishes in the Monday orator, his peer in the same field cannot be mentioned. He stands unique, successful, effective, as a bold and able defender of our cause.

There is a marked difference between firmness and recklessness in the defense of the truth. The one consists with fairness, honesty and a manly respect for the opinions of others, even if we differ widely from them. The other is utterly regardless of anything besides the one object had in view. It denounces rashly, without waiting to learn the real position of an antagonist. It admits of no virtue in the absence of the acceptance of one truth. It measures the force of its argument by the violence of the language it can command, and the unqualified severity of the reprobation it pronounces. In politics, in reforms, and in religion, we have too much of this hysterical denunciation. Here too, He found the apostles who were to bear the faith to the ends of the earth. Wealth could never have convinced the world which bowed before their simple and sincere preaching. Poverty, as well as grace, wrought in them mightily.

We are not surprised that a crowd will fill Music Hall to hear the ribaldry and blasphemy of Robert G. Ingersoll. Such a crowd will fill the theatres when a band of shameless women make indecent exposures of themselves; but we are surprised that some of our newspapers, who pride themselves on their respectability, and seek the patronage of our purest Christian homes, should publish these tirades against all that conserves our civilization—this reproduction of vulgar French infidelity, of the darkest days of the Revolution—and interlard them with loud and continual applause! Times change, and we change with them!

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We early lift up our voice in aid of the long-suffering collectors of Conference statistics. We are amply provided with blanks; the work of filling them up is small, if done while all the means of verification are near at hand. A little care will save an abundance of trouble. Have every item filled in, not by guessing, or inference, but by actual count and transcription. No statistics should be left to follow the pastor, leisurely, to his Conference, by mail. Have everything finished, so as to be placed in the hands of the statistical committees on the very opening of the session!

THE VITAL FACT.

One of our thoughtful and devoted ministers in the vicinity of Boston, in the course of a late instructive sermon, illustrated Christ's dealing with a thoroughly awakened person, by the incident of the young ruler. Here was a man, to all outward appearances, not a little in earnest. He was not moved by any surrounding influences. He was a subject of no momentary excitement. His ardor had not been aroused by a persuasive discourse. He was not a subject of earnest personal entreaty. The scene in which he was the sole participant occurred in broad daylight, and in the open highway. A young man, in a conspicuous social position, endowed with intelligence, an inheritor of wealth, one who had been preserved from the vices of youth, and had lived a signally moral life, broke through the restraints of caste, of prejudice, of human pride, and voluntarily kneeled at the Master's feet. The question he asked was a proper one. It involved the chief one of all in human life. It was humbly, honestly and quite earnestly asked—"Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Such an event as this would convulse an audience now, if it occurred in one of our assemblies, even amid the high excitement of earnest discourse and moving songs. We should be disposed to believe that the great battle between self and salvation had been fought out, and nothing but an immediate trust in the provisions of the Gospel was required.

We should hardly feel that there was any occasion for further struggle, but should at once welcome the voluntary disciple, and bid him Godspeed in the Christian race. But how different was the Saviour's course! There was no actual desire to put on that last feather, but willing to go as near as possible, without actually breaking the camel's back. Just now the magician who stands over the scene with his wand, and controls the rapid, dissolving views, is Bismarck. If he commands peace, the elements will subside, but hardly without.

the Sabbath-school as a choice field of labor, the personal testimony in all the relations of life, to one truly converted, will not have to be secured by earnest persuasion, but will be eagerly sought for by the loving disciple, with the warm words of voluntary sacrifice upon his lips—"Here am I, send me!" Such an one both sees the kingdom of God and enters into it; for the kingdom of God is set up in his heart, and Christ rules there through a voluntary and loving submission.

Such converts are regenerated; they are "born again," and "born of the Spirit." They know where they are, and will not have to be sought out, to be gathered into the Christian fold. They will gravitate to it, just as loving children draw to a father's house. It is this incompletely work—the case of these young rulers who come forward for prayers and go away weeping, but never really submit to Christ, and are not spiritually renewed—that occasions so much disappointment after the excitement of revival is passed. There is no urging, or crowding, or singing, or praying a man into the kingdom of God, unless he voluntarily surrenders himself. And until he is thus born from above, although he has learned the songs, and his heart has throbbed with emotion, and he has quite strong drawings towards the people of God, he has not become a subject of the heavenly rule, and he cannot freely meet the requisitions of the Gospel. The yoke will be heavy to him and the burden oppressive. But when the Son maketh one free, he is free indeed. When Christ becomes the new life, the yoke is a garland of flowers and the burden becomes wings.

THE ORIENTAL CRISIS.

The curtain seems unwilling to fall on the bloody drama in the East, and it there be a conference of the Powers, it is quite as likely to be the prelude to another bloody act as the close of this modern political tragedy. An ulcer that has been festering for three hundred years, cannot be healed without excision somewhere, and either Turkey is to be wholly wiped out of Europe, or some of the neighboring powers are to be sacrificed. It looks, just now, as if Turkey were about to listen to its death-knell, and that Austria were to receive a premonitory warning of coming dissolution.

Matters are now in so critical a condition, that it is scarcely possible to settle this affair without greatly weakening Austria. The dual government of Austria-Hungary is so diverse in its interests, that what is acceptable to one portion must be antagonistic to another. Hungarians hate Russia and all the Slavonians in her neighborhood that are new protégés, and soon will be the vassals, of Russia. She recollects how, a few years ago, she was throttled by the Mecca of the race, and no doubt the better class find their way here; yet nearly every one was born a slave. Our Southern legislators were slaves—own and master and slave sit side by side in Senate and House, and together make the laws of the land!

The closing exercises of the medical department of Howard University at its eighth annual commencement, took place on Monday evening, March 4th, at the Congregational church. More than half the audience were colored people, intelligent, cultivated, polite. In color they range from ebony blackness to light mulatto, fairer than many white people. There were several white students among the nine medical graduates. The valedictorian was a white man—W. W. Townsend, A. B., of Cambridge, Mass., and a graduate of Princeton College. The address to the alumnus was from Dr. Wattis, a colored man, and the principal address of the occasion was by Hon. George B. Loring, member of Congress from Salem, Mass.

Mr. Loring is a man of great medical and political honor, and his address was sufficiently learned; but it was rather long, and over the heads of the people, who ten or twelve years ago were slaves; and he had misfortune not to begin until an hour or more after other lengthy speakers. A man may be as wise as Solomon, but he cannot dispense all his wisdom at one time and fail people to be able to receive it.

Young orators invariably show their lack of practice; the voice sounds weak and faint in a large church; but they were generously appreciated, and handsome bouquets from lady friends are a sufficient panacea for all the woes of Commencement speeches. The nine young medical men and women just launched upon a world full of sickness and accident, are so many promises of relief, cure or prevention of disease.

Hon. Mr. Loring has a fine voice, handsome enunciation, and an earnest manner. He is dignified and clerical in his looks, and hair brushed smoothly, side-whiskers and a round, full face. He is sixty years old, a graduate of Harvard, and was Major General in the Union army. We have not heard him talk in Congress, which is a much harder place to speak in than any audience-room in the land.

The excitement just now in Hungary, in regard to these Oriental matters, is so great that it is doubtful whether words will allay it, as nobody at present has much confidence in words. Now, if Vienna yields to this Hungarian pressure, she exposes herself to the counter pressure of the millions of Germans in her northern districts, and is thus divided within herself; while at the same time her own Slavonic races, numbering about five millions, will, of course, be alienated. Thus the dangers to Austria are almost as great as those of Turkey, though not so immediate. The prime minister of the dual monarchy has so far succeeded in riding two steeds; but he will be a skillful cavalier if between them he does not come to the ground; and therefore no alliance between England and Austria, as the latter hopes.

England has been completely outwitted in this contest with Russia, and has greatly lost ground in European councils. Nearly every move that she has made has been checked by Russia, under the guidance of the astute Gortschakoff. Her policy has been so far succeeded in riding two steeds; but he will be a skillful cavalier if between them he does not come to the ground; and therefore no alliance between England and Austria, as the latter hopes.

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The family.

MY MOTHER.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Oh, how I loved her! Though my heart
At times resisted her control,
In every dearest wish and thought
She reigned, the idol of my soul.

I grew beside her year by year —
"Graceful," she said, "and fair and tall;"
Her words to me were sweet and dear,
And memory's leaf retains them all.

Oh, how I loved her! Soft her smile
Shone all along the flowery way
O'er which I bounded on, the white
Thoughtless of death or of decay.

Her bosom was my place of rest;
Her arms my refuge sure and dear;
Her voice could always soothe me best,
Her kiss could banish grief and fear.

Oh, how I loved her! Heart to heart,
And hand in hand she bore me on,
Guarding me from life's every smart,
Until her own young life was gone.

One day she drew me to her breast,
Her cheeks were white, her look was wild;
Chill lips to mine she fondly pressed,
And whispered, "We must part, my child!"

The words went crashing through my brain,
I went cleaving through my quaking heart;
And then, like death, in every vein
Thrashed the dread sentence, "We must part!"

Oh, bitterest grief of childhood's years!
Oh, hour of blackness, wrath and death!
Utterly drenched and choked with tears,
Wild with vain cries and pleading breath.

I long for her and love her now,
When childhood, youth and hope are fled,
As when she held my youthful head.
And when the earth is heaved above
My head, and o'er my heart is piled,
My spirits live and spirits love,
My mother shall embrace her child.

FAMILIAR LETTER FROM INDIA.

We have been permitted to place over a very interesting letter from Rev. E. W. Parkes addressed to one of our ministers. It records so graphically certain details of the marriage of our Brother Cheney, alluded to in the last issue of the HERALD, that we venture to print the substance of it for the benefit of our readers. — ED. HERALD.

Yesterday (Jan. 24) I was at Bareilly on very important business. I believe you know Brother Cheney, and are interested in his welfare. He is a thoroughly good fellow through and through, and the more he is known, the better he is liked. In his heart and life he is devoted to God and His work fully. At Nynee Tal his work has been altogether a success. He is the right man for the right place. Still, though Brother Cheney is doing so well at Nynee Tal, we would have moved him this year, could we have filled his place. We wanted to start him in the native work, for which he has an especial adaptation. But this is not what I intended to write about.

I met in Bareilly yesterday a Miss Green, M. D.—a lady of the W. F. M. Society. You have probably heard of her from the Methodist ladies in New England, for they considered her a very superior lady when she was sent out. I first met Miss Green in Lucknow, soon after she landed in India with Brother Cheney. The first evening I spent with her, Brother Cheney was also of the company, and we then guessed that, unless we had lost all our Yankees wit, the ladies would repeat sending such a superior lady to India with such a gentlemanly, unmarried missionary. Time passed on, and as Miss Green was in my district, we soon became well acquainted and I learned to esteem her very highly. She proved herself to be one of the most sensible lady missionaries ever sent out, and one of the most steady, regular, consistent workers.

But about that important business that took us to Bareilly. I went down to join this Brother Cheney of ours to this other dear friend, Miss Green, in the blessed union of marriage. It was a nice day, and a precious season. We arrived in the morning, and aided in covering the walls of the sitting room with vines and flowers. In India we have beautiful flowers and vines. Mrs. Badly, from Lucknow, was there, and helped in this. At 5 P.M., all gathered at the church. Brother Cheney came in with Mrs. Scott and sat down near the altar. Soon after, Brother Thomas came in with Miss Green, and presented her to Brother C. at the altar. The congregation arose, and I married them with the form of our Discipline. The service was read slowly, the answers were distinct, and the Spirit's presence made it a most solemn and impressive, as well as gladsome, service.

Brother Scott read the closing prayer. As we arose from our knees, Brother Cheney kissed his wife, and then they at once went to the "Home," to receive their congratulations. We had cake and coffee served, and then singing. Brother Wheeler led in prayer, and the guests took their leave. Brother and Sister Cheney went out and called on the missionaries, after which we had a chat together, then some more singing and a prayer, and at 10 P.M. we drove to the railway station, and the two happy persons started for Benares, with our blessing and best wishes.

There is one phase that is not quite pleasant. The good ladies who sent Miss Green out will feel sad to have her leave their ranks. I do not blame them for feeling sad. I would, however, that they might learn that marrying in the field and remaining in the work, is not being lost to the work. Sister Cheney will be a successful worker so long as God gives her life. All such acquisitions to our regular force are not a loss. It would be a great gain could the ladies come to see

it as it is, and when their funds are relieved of one lady, would send out another in her place. But if they get unhappy and displeased, and refuse to reinforce the work, there will be a loss, though the laborers here still work.

Men and women will love, and marry, and will pray over it, and feel happy, and will believe with all their hearts it is God's will. They will praise Him for bringing them providentially together, and all the Women's Missionary societies in the world can't change this. I do not say I would have this so; I say here is the fact; and while man remains man, and woman remains woman, this state of things will continue. Why, then, should not our good sisters see this and accept what they cannot change? But, say the good faithful laborers at home, "Cannot the ladies wait five years for Christ's sake?" Here is just the point. They could do anything for Christ's sake. They left home for a heathen land as lone girls, with no one to lean on but Christ. These girls are brave enough to do anything for Christ's sake, and did they feel that they were doing it for Christ's sake, they could wait a life-time. But here is a man with a large work to do. In this work needs a wife to aid him. He cannot board; he must keep house. His house is all ready—made so by his people. He lives in it all alone, with servants to steal his goods, half cook his food, and harass him, stealing the time of his study and labor, and unfitting him for quiet work. He loves a girl and she loves him. He needs her; his work needs her; his people need a woman many times, and he believes and she believes that God in His providence would have them work together. All the friends who know the circumstances best—good men and good women—think that Christ's cause will be better served by them as man and wife than apart. While this is true, how can a poor girl wait for Christ's sake? Her belief is, that it would please her Saviour better for her to marry. She prays over it, and weeps over it, and still the testimony of her judgment, of her conscience, and of course of her heart, is that her place is with the man she loves and who loves her and needs her. If she waits feeling thus, she does it for Christ's sake. She does it for fear of what people will say.

I write this that you may see a little from our standpoint. It is a loss to the ladies' Mission in one way that Miss G. married; but it is a gain to another work, and a great gain to Brother Cheney. Such cases will happen, and should happen. We cannot prevent it, and we should not if we could. Let the work go on in God's way; He will direct those who pray and wish to be seen.

Moradabad, Jan. 25.

GONE HOME.

God spared a little angel
From heaven awhile,
To glad our eyes and cheer our hearts
With her sweet smile.

Her hair was tinged with glory,
And her fair eyes
Were blue as blossoms that are found
'Neath southern skies.

She only stayed to bless us
A few short years,
Then she left us in her stead
Nothing but tears.

For she grew faint and weary,
And died for home;

And she smiled when she heard her Fa-

ther's voice
Bidding her come.

The fading evening sunbeams
Around her crept,

And as the last one piled and died,
Our darling slept.

We laid her tired body
Beneath the sod,
Her lightened soul spread wings, and flew
Straight to her God.

—Methodist Recorder.

JOHN SHAW.

BY C. A. HIGGINS.

A man, with a valise in his hand, was walking rapidly along the railroad track. The station at which he had left the train, was the nearest one to his place of destination, and he was finishing the journey on foot. He recognized old, familiar landmarks at every step; and as he came to the bridge that spans the quiet Connecticut, he stopped. His form shook with emotion. He wiped away the perspiration from his heated face, drew a long, quivering breath, and passed on. His agitation increased as he advanced. Occasionally he hesitated, and seemed disposed to linger, yet was evidently impatient to proceed on his way.

Soon, however, moved by some irresistible impulse, he set down his valise, and descending the sloping roof of the bridge, seated himself on the edge, and looked down. Sixty feet beneath him the waters of the river were rolling peacefully onward to the sea.

It was a perfect night! The moon, through the thin fleece that covered her, gave just enough light to touch everything with a supernatural halo. The man seemed unconscious of all else save the glimmering water, which flickered as innocently as a shallow brook; while in reality the bottom lay forty feet beneath the smiling surface. And still he gazed and pondered. He did not heed the whistle of the upward-bound express; and when, brought partially to himself by the roar of the car, as it thundered by, not ten feet from him, he followed with his eye the red lantern hung on the rear of the train, it was for only a moment, and his gaze again sought the waters beneath him.

"Five years ago," he murmured, in a tremulous tone, "I stood on the very spot where I now sit! Five years

ago! I thought I had lived an eternity since then! But when I come back to these old associations, it seems only a few months since I—was here before."

"Ah! No wonder father turned me out! I could not blame him, even when I was angry. John Shaw," said he—"and I can remember just how he said it, with his old eyes blotted with tears, and his voice trembling with love for me, weak, wicked as I was, and yet thoroughly worn out by my baseness."

"John Shaw! I have borne with you as long as I can. You must go. Never come back here until you are a man!"

"Mother! I have come back. But shall I be able to find you?" and the tears rolled fast down his bearded face.

"And then I came down here, hot and desperate, determined to drown myself. Drown myself! I, of all men—

I who had broken a father's and a moth-

er's heart, and ruined his happiness,

and shut the door on me. O father!

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THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday.
Paypal Taylor confirmed as minister to Germany, and W. C. Goodloe of Kentucky as minister to Belgium.—About 3,500 bills introduced in the House, and 800 in the Senate. The bill for war claims (nearly \$200,000) passed by the Senate. The pension bill for soldiers of the war of 1812 passed the House by a vote of 217 to 21.—Terrible tornado in Kentucky; trees, houses demolished, live stock destroyed, and eight persons killed; pecuniary loss estimated at \$250,000.—Insurrection in Greece spreading. The district between Mt. Olympus and the Pindas range in open revolt.—End of the Cuban insurrection. Slave insurgents declared free without indemnity, reforms and privileges promised.

Wednesday.
The Sultan and Czar exchange congratulations upon the close of the war. Preliminary negotiations relative to the coming Congress progressing.—Destructive fire at Hot Springs, Ark.; 150 buildings destroyed, with estimated loss of \$250,000; 1,000 people homeless.—Carnival festivities at New Orleans and Memphis.—A "Hard-Money League" formed at Chicago.—A desperate condition of State finances in Virginia reported.

Thursday.
Cardinal Franchi appointed Secretary of State by Pope Leo XIII.—President Hayes vetoes the Timber bill, providing for a special session of the U. S. court in Mississippi to try alleged trespasses on U. S. timber lands.—A cutting speech made by Gen. Garfield in the House in reply to Kelley, —The Peace Congress to be held in Berlin. Only the seven Powers that signed the Treaty of Paris to be represented.—Senator Wallace's bill for a long bond for savings passed the Senate with an amendment raising the interest to four per cent.

Friday.
Democratic economy sharply criticized, in the debate on the Deficiency appropriation bill in the House.—Lord Derby admitted that the treatise of 1856 and 1871 are worthless.—Secretary Sherman again calls for subscriptions to the four per cent. loan.—Consul-General Seward, of China, charged with taking \$7,000 bribe for releasing a pirate.—The Industrial League of the United States protest against proposed changes in the Tariff.—Fire at Spartansburg, Penn.; property loss \$100,000.—King Humbert opens the Italian parliament, and announces a continuance of the year's pastorate at Bellows Falls.

Saturday.
The Cretans consent to an armistice.—Count Andrássy announces that Austria will not occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina.—The Halifax award of \$5,000,000 against the United States, challenged on the ground that the Commission were not unanimous.—The death of Count Sclopis, the Italian jurist and friend of Count Cavour, announced.—Destructive fire in Panama reported; loss \$500,000.

Sunday.
The Austrian government asks for sixty million florins as a precautionary measure.—Five hundred lives lost by the burning of the steamer Sphinx from Calais, according to a dispatch from Trieste.—Contumacy of the Aborigines between the Creteans and Turks around Corfu.—Capture of Fort Plataniotis by landings in Macedonia, and flight of Turks.—Great excitement in India among the Mohammedans in consequence of Turkey's overthrow.—Church at Atlanta, Ga., demolished by a tornado, while filled with worshippers.—The escape of the congregation was miraculous; only eighteen were more or less injured by falling timbers. Great damage done to other churches, private residences and stores, in the city.

The leading points in the new postal regulations as proposed by the committee are as follows: All mailable matter will be divided into four classes. The first will include written matter; the second, periodical publications under registration; the third, printed matter not included in the second class; the fourth, merchandise.

For the first class the present rates will be continued; for the second, the rate will be two cents per pound; for the third, one cent for two ounces; for the fourth, one cent per ounce. The registration fee (to be paid by the publisher) for a periodical will be \$1 a year. The proposed law is simple and equitable, and its enactment will do away with numberless annoyances and impossibilities which exist under the present system.

The treasury now holds \$346,055,850 in United States bonds to secure bank circulation; and \$13,553,000 to secure public deposits; United States bonds deposited for circulation, week ending Saturday, \$738,000; United States bonds held for circulation, withdrawn week ending Saturday, \$1,191,760; national bank circulation outstanding—currency notes, \$320,453,625; gold notes, \$1,432,120. The receipts from internal revenue Saturday were \$39,102.4, and from customs, \$475,447.66.

Reputation received a stern rebuke in the message of Governor Holliday to the Virginia legislature last week. The State finances had become almost hopelessly involved; the banks refused to loan and claimed for the settlement of money advanced by them; the treasury was bankrupt, and the General Assembly was at its wit's end to know how to meet the exigency. The Governor, in reply to a request for suggestions, writes homely and homely a straightforward, manly, admirable document. It has no uncertain sound. The debt must be paid. Taxes must be imposed, and every legitimate method tried to extricate the State from its present embarrassments. The lesson seems not to have been lost. The Senate has already taken appropriate action, and the "Old Dominion" will probably preserve its financial integrity.

Counterfeited dollars are in circulation.—Forty-four of the seventy-six strands for the great bridge cables over East river have been completed.—Miss Thomson, the Scotchwoman who lately shot her horse with gold, has been placed in an insane asylum.—A rival to the sea-serpent, as large and as elusive, has been discovered in Brazil. It excavates deep trenches miles in length with great rapidity. It has been named, the manchocao.—Dr. Mary Walker has applied for the appointment of herself as policeman (in Washington) for the purpose of self-protection.—Twenty-five thousand war claims are on file in Washington, and it will take eighteen years to hear them.—The Swiss Guards at the Vatican have made a violent demonstration because they were refused the usual three-months' extra pay at the death of the Pope.—King Emanuel left behind him debts amounting to \$5,500,000.

The present chief of Kaffirland, South Africa, is a Methodist class-leader. His father, who is still living, has been a consistent Christian since 1825, and is spoken of as a fine specimen of the Christian Kaffir gentleman."

VERMONT.

We are in receipt of a pleasant notice of the dedication of a new church at Gayville, and of the quarterly meeting at Stony Brook, written by Bro. F. W. Johnson, a former pastor: "The Methodists of Gayville have just completed their new church. This nest, commodious, and well proportioned edifice, has been built by the uniting energy of the preacher in charge—Rev. E. Snow. It cost \$1,900 and has a seating capacity of nearly two hundred; there was a debt on it, at its completion, of about four hundred dollars; but just previous to its dedication, over two hundred dollars were pledged. The brethren have done nobly. On Wednesday, Feb. 29, three hundred people gathered to witness the dedication services, which were conducted by Rev. J. McAnn, P. E., assisted by Revs. A. T. Bulard, J. Hamilton, O. A. Farley, R. Sanderson, J. M. Rich, J. O. Sherburn and C. W. Clark.

"Rev. L. McAnn preached a most interesting, instructive, and stirring sermon from the words, 'Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?' Solomon's Song, vi, 10. We were much pleased with the singing, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. A. Ford of Worcester, who did themselves credit. Brother and Sister Ford are earnest workers for the salvation of souls, and have rendered efficient help in the extra meetings during the fall and winter here, and for twenty miles up the White River Valley. The quarterly meeting held at Stony Brook, Sunday, Feb. 24, was a very interesting session. Ten were baptized by the Presiding Elder; after which he preached a most heart-searching and awakening sermon, to a crowded house, on the subject of faith—its trials and triumphs, and the ordination of elders will take place. The Conference Missionary Society anniversary will occur in the evening, presided over by Bishop Harris and addressed by Revs. J. W. Hinman, A. B. Kendig and R. Dashiell. Memorial services, followed by the anniversary of the Domestic Missionary Society, occur Monday afternoon, and in the evening the anniversary of the Church Extension Society, with addresses by Revs. A. Cooper, J. O. Knowles and Dr. McCabe."

Brother P. M. Frost, of Putney, secretary of the Association, sends us the following item: "The Preachers' Association of the Springfield district, assembled at Bellows Falls Feb. 25, and held a very interesting and profitable meeting. The essays were upon vital themes; and much thought and care had evidently been bestowed upon the preparation of the same. The preaching was Scriptural, instructive and convincing. A four days' meeting was held in connection with the association, and we trust permanent good will result from the efforts made to bring sinners to the cross of Christ. Brother Tabor is closing a successful three years' pastorate at Bellows Falls."

Brother W. Underwood reports still further improvements in church and parsonage at West Berkshire, through the instrumentality of the Ladies' Aid Society. He preached last Sunday to a crowded house on "Fine Things." The collections have been taken and are good for the times. During the year 16 have been baptized, 20 received on probation, and 21 full members.

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